ſtand by too, and ſuffer euery Knaue to vſe mee at his plea-
ſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure : if I had, my wea-
pon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw
aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and
the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about
me quiuers, skuruie Knaue : pray you ſir a word : and as I told
you, my yong Ladie bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid mee
ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe : but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould
leade her in a Fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe
kind of behauiour as they ſay : for the Gentlewoman is yong:
and therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it
were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and verie
weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt
vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : Lord,
Lord, ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke
mee?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you doe proteſt, which as I take
it, is Gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this af-
ternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Fryer *Lawrence* Cell
Be ſhriued and married : here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir, well ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my Conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paines :
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nur.

Nur. Now God in Heauen bleſſe thee, harke yo
Ro. What ſay'ſt thou my deare Nurſe?
Nur. Is your man ſecret, did you nere here ſay
keepe counſell putting one away.
Ro. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.
Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt La
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there
man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay Kn
but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue ſee a Tode, a very
him : I angerer ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* i
rer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe lo
as any clout in the verſall World, doth not Roſema
meo begin both with a Letter?
Ro. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R.*
Nur. A mocker that's the Dogges name. *R.* is fo
know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſh
prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, th
doe you good to heare it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thouſand times *Peter*?
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace.

Enter Iuliet.

Iu. The clocke ſtrooke nine when I did ſend the N
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him, thats not ſo :
Oh ſhe is lame, loues Heraulds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beam
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils:
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doues draw loue,
And therefore hath the winde ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sunne vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come,
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull bloud,
Shee would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,